[fic] Human AU: Deceit.

• Mar. 15th, 2011 at 6:58 AM

Title: Human AU: Deceit.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel +/ Raphael +/ Michael +/ Lucifer.
Word Count: 1,341 words.
Summary: Breakfast, a fight between Lucifer and Michael, and awkwardness.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt deceit being used for this one. Ten down, twenty to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Breakfast is awkward, but Gabriel's dealt with awkward before. He ignores how Lucifer and Michael are glaring at each other, doesn't look at Raphael, and serves the french toast, determined to be the best waiter they'll ever have, because last thing he wants right now is a fight.

"Mi - " Raphael starts, and Gabriel holds up a hand.

"If any of you start a fight or argument or anything more than a heated discussion, then I will evict you from this kitchen by force, if I have to. Do you all understand?"

If there's any benefit to having sex with Raphael, it's that he opens his mouth to protest, then bites his tongue and looks down, a rush of anger and shame in his expression.

It makes Gabriel wonder if he should have sex with Michael, or Lucifer, because then he could avoid comments like this:

"Why should we respect your authority?" Michael asks, as if they haven't been struggling about this issue for weeks now. Gabriel suspects that the audience has unfortunately given Michael back his attitude, but on the other hand he isn't moping around their home as if his best friend had just died.

Lucifer is silent, but then he picks up his knife and fork and opens his mouth. "I see no reason to disobey," he says, and if there was any choice of words that could annoy Michael more, Gabriel has yet to hear them.

"Under no circumstances will I 'obey' one lesser than me," Michael snarls at him, and Gabriel dumps the last of the french toast onto his plate.

"Arrogance, Michael," Lucifer chides, and as Michael stiffens Gabriel sees a storm threatening to break.

So he bonks Michel with the frying pan, then does the same to Lucifer.

"I said no fighting," Gabriel says. "Or I evict you, and believe me, I'm more than willing to

have a silent breakfast, so just *try* me."

Something in his tone works, and instead of Michael tackling him (he looks like he's considering it, or thinking about giving Raphael permission to kill him) or Lucifer using the cutlery on him, he gets two sullen glares and sweet, blessed silence.

Three pieces of french toast later and a large helping of maple syrup, Gabriel's ready for his day to start. After putting his plate away and finishing the rest of his routine, he pops his head back into the kitchen where his brothers are having a glaring contest, which his interrupts.

"I'm going to work for about six hours," he says cheerfully. "If I come back to injuries, broken furniture, or fires, I'm taking you all to the park and leaving you there." He claps his hands together, grins at them, and leaves.

The last thing his brothers hear before the door closes is happy whistling.

Michael and Raphael have adjusted over the centuries to working with each other. Raphael respects Michael, absolutely obeys his orders without question, and in turn Michael lets Raphael do what he wishes with his portion of the host, and never questions his actions.

Specifically Michael never asks Raphael why he has assumed the role of warrior instead of healer, and Raphael never brings up their history or asks why Michael has been appearing openly less and less frequently.

Like this, they can trust each other.

So when Raphael is trying to hide shame over breakfast whenever he looks at Gabriel, and when Michael notices, he doesn't even try to find out what happened. Instead he distracts Lucifer by sniping at Gabriel (like he wants to) and by grilling Lucifer on what else he remembers from that visit from God after Gabriel leaves.

He knows he's succeeded when Raphael has left the room without Lucifer even looking at him.

He also knows that he's severely angered Lucifer when Lucifer reaches out and takes a fistful of his shirt in his hand.

"If you want to know more," He says, tone threatening, one that has Michael ready to defend himself, "You will *earn* it from me, as I will not offer any boon to you, fool that you are."

"You call me a fool for serving God," Michael says flatly, forcing anger down, not letting himself give into it here: not with Lucifer watching, not when he does respect Lucifer for remaining sane and surviving their Father's wrath and punishment. (not that he will *ever* admit to this)

"I call you a fool for serving a God who commanded that we bow to the least of His creations, who abandoned the angels in Heaven in their weakest hour, and if His return means *this*," Lucifer gestures to himself, "then I continue to call you a fool."

"I don't need to explain the flaws in your argument again," Michael says, forcing himself to remain calm. They've done this before, done this at the beginning of time, in the Cage together, this is an argument he wishes he could win for certain with Lucifer but can never seem to.

"Then I have no need to repeat myself," Lucifer says, and lets go of Michael's shirt, and

he's suddenly looking amused.

"What?" Michael asks.

"I have been condemned for my pride," Lucifer says softly, pausing, and in that pause Michael has time to form the suspicion that whatever Lucifer says next, he will try to hurt him for it. "But you are just as prideful as I am."

Tackling Lucifer to the floor feels better than it should, but the amused look in Lucifer's eyes as Michael crouches over him, ready to tear him apart makes Michael stop, slow down, control himself.

"You want me to attack you," Michael asks, "Why?"

"I'm surprised," Lucifer says, still amused. "The countless times this happened in the Cage, when you were still an angel...and it takes you becoming human to notice."

They *had* fought often in the Cage, and whenever they had spoken, that had just as often led to more fighting. Michael frowns at him, uncertain. Surely he would have noticed?

"I wonder if this has been good for you," Lucifer says, but now - now Michael sees that Lucifer isn't amused.

"Humanity isn't good for any of us," Michael says, certain as he speaks. He is thinking of Raphael, and he is thinking of a cut Gabriel helped him bandage.

"...I know that," Lucifer says, and shoves him off, getting up. He sounds like he always does, and Michael stands as Lucifer leaves.

But now Michael cannot help but wonder if he just comforted Lucifer, helped him in some small way.

It takes minutes before he realizes that he was, in a roundabout way, agreeing with his brother.

He feels sick.

Raphael showers. And showers again, scrubs at his skin until it is raw and sore, and still he does not feel clean.

He can't look in the mirror. He can't look when he washes between his legs.

He's certain he hates Gabriel.

Yet he aches in a way that's not hate when Gabriel's face appears in his mind, and he does not know what to do.

When he returns to his room, later when Michael taps on his bedroom door, Raphael dries his face once more and covers himself, waiting for Michael to enter. (He knows it is Michael, as Gabriel would simply invade, and Lucifer...he does not know how Lucifer would signal his presence.)

He doesn't know what to say to Michael. Their positions here are undefined, and he falls back on what he knows: support Michael, pay attention to his agenda, and do not deviate.

Except that he already has, and Gabriel haunts his mind.

Michael sits on the bed, not looking at him.

"Yes?" Raphael says.

"I understand that something happened last night."

Raphael stills.

"I don't want to know anything about it," Michael says, and: "I trust you."

"...I trust you," Raphael says, because it's something Michael seems to be expecting.

"Don't let Lucifer find out," Michael says, and stands up.

"Understood," Raphael says, and doesn't watch him go.

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